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THE
BEAUTIES
OF
CARLO-MARIA MAGGI,
PARAPHRASED.

THE
BEAUTIES
OF
Carlo-Maria Maggi,

PARAPHRASED:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

SONNETS:

BY

MARIANA STARKE,

*Author of The Widow of Malabar; The Tournament; Letters
from Italy; &c.*

EXETER:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY S. WOOLMER, IN THE FORE-
STREET; AND SOLD BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND
ORME, LONDON; AND BY UPHAM, AND ALSO BY BARRATT,
BATH.

1811.

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THE Poems of CARLO-MARIA MAGGI; an obsolete Italian Author, who flourished during the latter end of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth century, happened, several years since, to fall into the hands of THE COUNTESS DOWAGER SPENCER; who, notwithstanding the obscurity of the style, discovered in these Poems, so many beauties, that she was tempted, when resident at Pisa, to print a *Scelta* of his works; some copies of which *Scelta* she kindly gave to me, saying, the Poems it contained, tho' generally speaking unfinished, might, if abridged in some parts, and considerably lengthened in others, make a better figure in the English, than they had hitherto done in the Italian dress.

Anxious to profit by this hint, I immediately translated *The Sonnet to Hope*, and imitated *The Ode to Eurilla*; adding, however, many ideas of my own. I then endeavoured to adapt to the situation of Italy, about the year 1794, *The Ode on the destruction of Jerusalem*: and, in short, by degrees selected, what seemed to me, the chief beauties of the *Scelta*.

I am well aware that, in translations from the greater Poets, closeness is the grand *desideratum*, the *sine quâ non*: but, in translations from those who are called minor Poets, it may perhaps be less essential. I presume, therefore, to submit to the Public the following PARAPHRASE OF THE BEAUTIES OF CARLO-MARIA MAGGI: and if his ideas, mingled with my own, should ever chance to pour the balm of Sympathy into the wounds of Affliction, my purpose will be answered.

To the honour of MAGGI I subjoin, that he is frequently mentioned, and as frequently admired, in a recent publication, entitled, "A SERIES OF LETTERS BETWEEN MRS. ELIZABETH

CARTER AND MISS CATHERINE TALBOT." These Letters, indeed, speak of him as, "The most elegant, the most amiable, and the most useful of all the Italian Poets;" and by these Letters it appears, that Miss TALBOT earnestly wished Mrs. CARTER to undertake the office of introducing him in this Country; an office which I, (though every way less qualified,) have attempted to execute.

MARIANA STARKE.

EXMOUTH, 1811.

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LINES,

SENT WITH THE FOLLOWING POEMS,

TO

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER SPENCER ;

WHEN SHE WAS ON THE POINT OF QUITTING ITALY, WHERE
THE AUTHOR REMAINED SOME YEARS AFTERWARD.

CÆLIA *—(thy pardon, if the strain offend !)
My Guardian—proudly let me add, my Friend !—
Whose fervent spirit, like our MAGGI's lyre,
Glows with refulgent sparks of heavenly fire ;
O, hear thy Suppliant ! to her suit be kind,
And, with a gleam of sunshine, cheer her mind !

When thy lov'd Form no more shall bless my eyes,
When Alps and Apennine between us rise,
Still, as thou view'st these artless lines, bestow
Kind wishes on the heart from which they flow.
For may we not, without presumption, trust
Good Angels mark the wishes of the Just ;
And waft them swift to Heaven's empyreal throne,
Where, to be granted straight, they need but to be known !

* This line originally began, "*Angel !—Thy pardon, if the strain offend*"—But LADY SPENCER objected to the word *Angel* ; saying, in an elegant little Poem she made on the occasion ;

" Angels are far beyond our mortal ken,
Th' important link, perhaps, 'twixt God and Men.

O D E

TO THE MONTH OF MAY.

BEHOLD the vernal Month appear

When Earth assumes her sprightliest mien ;
And azure skies, serenely clear,

With cheering beauties deck the scene !
To taste the sweets grey Morning yields,
Fair Nymphs, with FLORA's garlands crown'd,
Frequent, in crowds, the dewy fields,
And gaze on all the landscape round :

With raptur'd hearts they hail the new-born Day,
And blithly sing ; "Thrice welcome, beauteous MAY !"

'Thrice welcome Thou, who paint'st the land
With budding flowers of varied hues ;

Thy gales their balmy wings expand,
And love thro'out the World diffuse !

Yon Husbandman with joy computes,
(Whilst opening blossoms glad his sight,)

What ample stores of blooming fruits
Autumnal suns may bring to light :

And every voice repeats the jocund lay ;
"Welcome, fair Spring ! Thrice welcome, beauteous
MAY !"

Does MAY's own bounty then dispense
 Her treasures o'er the smiling Earth ;
 To captivate our every sense,
 And harmonize our hearts to mirth ?
 Ah, no!—From GOD each blessing flows ;
 His fostering love shines here display'd ;
 These gifts HIS bounteous hand bestows,
 To cheer that World HIS goodness made.
 Then can we all unite to welcome Spring,
 Nor once exclaim ; “I bless my HEAVENLY KING ?

Yon floweret, ting'd with Tyrian dyes,
 And spangled o'er with pearly dew,
 Boasts every grace to lure the eyes ;
 Yet mine alone those graces view :
 That gracious GOD, who reigns Above,
 For my delight, then, plac'd it there ;
 And thus vouchsafes HIS tender love,
 HIS wondrous kindness to declare :
 Then, whilst I cull th' enamel'd flower, I'll sing
 In joyful strains ; “I bless my HEAVENLY KING.”
 Now sally forth the feather'd Throng,
 And gaily greet returning MAY ;

Each, warbling his melodious song,
 In dulcet accents seems to say ;
 “ These verdant meads and tufted hills,
 These gentle zephyrs, cloudless skies,
 These shady groves and limpid rills,
 From GOD’s free bounty all arise :”
 And whilst the liquid air they upward wing,
 Methinks I hear them bless their HEAVENLY KING.

Shall then, perverse, degenerate Men,
 For whose enjoyment rill and shade,
 And every fragrant flower we ken,
 And every vocal bird was made ;
 Shall they neglect their MAKER’s praise,
 Less grateful than the feather’d tribe,
 Who thus, in Nature’s tuneful lays,
 To GOD each precious gift ascribe ?
 Tho’ none beside the bounden tribute bring
 Of praise to GOD, I’ll bless my HEAVENLY KING.

Nor are HIS countless gifts confin’d
 To earthly joys—HIS fostering care
 Instructs and guides th’ immortal mind,
 And plants each grace that blossoms there,
 For all these blessings HE bestows,

Has Gratitude my heart imprest ?

Yes—from HIS gracious influence flows

That loveliest impulse of the breast :

HE bids my conscience point it's friendly sting,

When I forget to bless my HEAVENLY KING.

O, may that Monitor within

Ne'er point it's friendly sting in vain ;

Nor the seductive wiles of Sin

Tempt me to slight that needful rein !

May grace divine my steps attend,

Whilst thro' Life's mazy paths I stray ;

And, when my pilgrimage shall end,

Waft me to Realms of deathless day !

O, there may I, with Saints and Angels, sing

Perpetual praise to GOD, and bless my HEAVENLY
KING !

TO
 E U R I L L A
 IN
 ADVERSITY.

ALONE and pensive, in those wilds I stray,
 Where, save the feather'd Choir who carol gay,
 No sound obtrudes ; where Silence rears her throne,
 By mute Oblivion's poppies overgrown ;
 And with such sway despotic rules the soul
 As e'en the bursts of Sorrow to controul ;
 As e'en to bid the fears of Friendship cease,
 And make me fancy all thy cares at peace.

Yet, wheresoe'er my wandering footsteps tread,
 My thoughts, by some spontaneous impulse led,
 Fly fast to thee ; nor will I pause to own,
 Thou most art with me, when I'm most alone.

But if my Muse, too sedulous t'impart
 The balm of Comfort to thy anguish'd heart,
 Have oft offended by officious zeal,
 And widen'd wounds she fondly hop'd to heal ;
 More irksome now thou'lt deem th' obtrusive lyre,
 Whose notes I waken with encras'd desire
 Thy woes to sooth—Forgive th' adventurous strain,
 Which dares the rigour of thy fate arraign ;

Which dares lament—O, grant me pardon, Heaven!
 That Peace to thankless Apathy is given,
 Whilst Virtue's self in human form enshrin'd,
 To dire, infuriate Warfare seems consign'd.

Full-well I know reproach were vainly hurl'd
 Against th' unfeeling baseness of this World:
 Full-well I know how impotent each art
 To melt, with Pity's drops, the flinty heart;
 To check the bitter taunts of scowling Pride,
 Make rancorous Envy throw her snakes aside;
 Compel curst Falsehood at Truth's shrine to kneel,
 Or rob the hand of Malice of it's steel.

Yet tho' thy woes, with my upbraidings join'd,
 In vain would strive to meliorate Mankind,
 Still are there means all-potent to confound
 The iron Breasts thy sufferings fail to wound;
 Still to their power superior may'st thou rise,
 And every arrow of their wrath despise.

Too just, too ample is thy cause for woe;
 Then check not tears, but freely let them flow:
 Affliction's tide, by constant force repress,
 And closely pent within a single Breast,
 There rages fierce, with direst mischiefs rife,
 Dethroning Reason, and o'erwhelming Life.

Then give it way ; and, to some kindred Heart,
 Thy every care, thy every thought impart ;
 For Sympathy, blest instinct of our Kind,
 Is purest opium to the tortur'd mind.

Seek, then, some Friend who early learn'd to grieve
 At others' woe ; who lives but to relieve ;
 Some Breast so much in concert with thy own
 As, when thou smil'st or weep'st—to joy or groan.
 With sweet Mimosa* be her temples crown'd,
 By patient Prudence let her lips be bound ;
 Of all thy griefs let her have felt the smart,
 And shew where once they rankled in her heart :
 Let her (rare gift !) possess the skill to know
 When to check tears, and when to bid them flow :
 Thus will her hand be competent to spread
 Helvetian roses o'er thy thorny bed. †

But, once again, dear suffering Saint, take heed
 This Friend be deck'd with Caution's choicest meed ;
 For Grief unlocks the soul, and brings to view
 Each thought, each merit, and each failing too.

Seek, then, a Friend sage, cautious, faithful, kind—
 But hold !—I know the temper of thy mind—

* The sensitive plant.

† The Helvetian rose is unarmed, or thornless.

If some good Angel such a Friend bestow'd,
 To rescue thee from Grief's o'erwhelming load,
 Thy soul would doat on her's—and should'st thou lose
 This best of blessings—Hold ! Ah, hold, my Muse !
 Nor paint a scene which Nature could not bear---

Yes, seek a Friend ! a firmer Friend than e'er
 Inspir'd our mortal clay ; a Friend whose mind
 Not all the malice of this World combin'd
 Can e'er wean from thee ; a CELESTIAL GUARD,
 WHO, from thy breast each stroke of Fate to ward,
 O'er Fate herself presides, o'er time, o'er space,
 And all the Myriads of the Human Race ;
 WHO knows no change, WHOSE love will never cease,
 WHOSE voice is comfort, and WHOSE paths are peace :
 O, turn to HIM, to GOD ! the only Friend
 On whom thou may'st, without a fear, depend :
 And learn, that mid Adversity's dark maze,
 Or gay Prosperity's seductive blaze,
 HE only knows our erring steps to guide
 Where spotless Truth and deathless Joy preside.

THE

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM :

*Addressed to the Italian People, during that period of the last
war, when the British Navy protected Italy.*

SAY, royal City, what avenging arm
Hath robb'd thy streets of population's charm ;
O'erthrown thy altars, made thy walls decay,
And thy proud dwellings dens for beasts of prey ?

Prostrate on earth, unheeded, desolate,
Like the lone Widow, thou bewail'st thy fate :
No busy Citizen thy grief beguiles ;
No Friend appears, to light thy face with smiles :
By day, by night, thy plaints unceasing flow,
While Silence only listens to thy woe.
Nor trees nor shrubs within thy gates are found,
Save the Wild-Rose, whose thorny branches bound
Thy dying SAVIOUR'S brow—peculiar doom !—
Thy very soil is Vegetation's tomb. *

* MR. TIGHE, in his learned and interesting Poem, entitled *The Rose*, says that WEDELIUS supposes the *Rosa canina*, or Wild Rose, to be the plant with which CHRIST was crowned : and Mr. TIGHE adds, on the authority of CHANDLER, that no other tree nor shrub now grows within the walls of Jerusalem. A remarkable accomplishment of the prophecies of ISAIAH and HOSKA. See the former, v. 6. and xxxiv. 13—and the latter ix. 6.

Mistress of Nations once ; now—direful stroke !—
 Condemn'd to drag degrading Slavery's yoke ;
 Nay worse, if worse can be, to view in those
 Whom most she lov'd, her most determin'd Foes :
 Friends, Servants, Children, all forsake her side,
 Seize her rich coffers, and their spoils divide :
 The Impious spill her blood, reverse her laws,
 Then scoff at miseries which their rigours cause ;
 Till proud Derision, Harpy most accurst,
 Of all her various torments seems the worst.

The grass-grown streets in solemn stillness mourn
 No splendid pageants to the Temple borne :
 The tender Infant pines in galling chains ;
 The frantic Parent e'en of Heaven complains ;
 While on earth-level'd spires and fragments vast
 Of stately fabrics in confusion cast,
 The Anchorite and toil-worn Pilgrim stand,
 Gazing on works of Desolation's hand ;
 Then, as Oblivion stalks in silence by,
 "Speak ! all-triumphant Queen, O, speak ! (they cry)
 What piles are these, proud e'en amid decay ?"—
 She murmurs ; "MINE"—and, reckless, turns away.

Judæa's Warriours, dreaded now no more,
 Crowd swift for shelter to a foreign shore :

Confounded, destitute, in flocks they fly,
 Darkening the land, like locusts sent from High :
 Their harps, which erst with strains of triumph rang,
 Now mute upon Euphrates' borders hang ;
 While, weakly yielding to the strokes of Fate,
 Isral's fam'd Tribes, once valourous as great,
 Lost to all hope, their native firmness fled,
 Sigh for the torpor of th' unconscious Dead.

Rest of each sapient Chief her course to guide,
 And stem, with nervous hand, Destruction's tide,
 Judæa bends beneath the Victor's rod ;
 And thus displays th' avenging wrath of GOD ;
 Who bade fierce War assault the impious Train
 That durst HIS hallow'd sanctuary profane ;
 E'en while HIS voice, which makes Earth's basis shake,
 In thunder 'gainst their guilty purpose spake.

As thus, on Inspiration's glass pourtray'd,
 The Prophet saw his Country's glory fade ;
 " Turn, Isral, turn ! (exclaimed the Heaven-taught Seer,)
 Renounce those sins which freeze my soul with fear :
 Turn to that GOD WHOSE mercy never fails,
 Where Penitence, meek Child of Faith, prevails ! "

But tho' the Seer, with pious zeal, reprov'd
 Judæa's boundless crimes ; no heart was mov'd
 To follow Virtue's course : th' obdurate Crowd,
 Of SATAN's ignominious shackles proud,
 Vaunt their profaneness, glory in their shame ;
 Nay dare, with Pharisaic guile, to blame
 Those lips ordain'd Heaven's mandates to repeat,
 For uttering useless truths, and censures indiscreet.
 And tho' Adversity, with ruthless hand,
 Year following year afflict the sinful land,
 Tho' BELUS' Sons 'gainst trembling Zion pour
 Of iron deaths a terrour-kindling shower ;
 Tho' Amorites, Armenians, and the Train
 Who bend before Sphinx-guarded ARIS' fane,
 Scourge her with woes to which her crimes give birth,
 Till with such piteous plaints she fills this Earth
 That Mercy, loveliest Handmaid of the Sky,
 Pardons her sins, and bids her sorrows fly :
 Yet, scarce are War's disastrous clouds o'erblown,
 Ere Vice usurps deserted Reason's throne,
 Despotic sway o'er every Tribe regains,
 And once more binds them fast in SATAN's chains.

At length—But how shall earth-born song rehearse
 Scenes only meet for Inspiration's verse ?—

At length, to fear alike and virtue dead,
 Judæa's Sons their LORD, their SAVIOUR led
 To Golgotha's curst field—amazement dire,
 And stiffening horror seiz'd the heavenly Quire.
 Affrighted Earth to her foundations quak'd,
 The graves were open'd, and the Sleepers wak'd ;
 The blushing Sun his head in darkness veil'd,
 When to the agonizing Cross was nail'd,
 That awful GOD who freely died to save
 Man, thankless Man, from an eternal grave.

But Vengeance, in the Latian garb display'd,
 Vengeance, with power omnipotent array'd,
 Hurls hideous ruin on the guilty Train ;
 Bids ruthless Carnage o'er their Cities reign ;
 And spoils Jerusalem of every stone
 On which her prestine grandeur might have shone :
 While her lost Sons, who 'scape the Victor's sword,
 Wander thro' Earth, a famine-stricken Horde,
 Revil'd, detested, chas'd from land to land,
 And mark'd with Infamy's eternal brand.

But whence this sadness which pervades my soul ?
 A sadness Reason vainly would controul.
 For thee, my Country, e'en than life more dear,
 For thee my anxious bosom throbs with fear ;

Lest thy omissions with thy crimes conspire
To rouse o'erwhelming storms of heavenly ire.

Oft have I pondered on that joyous time
When, distant far from Manhood's feverish prime,
On thy maternal lap I careless trod,
With infant-feet that scarcely press'd the sod ;
While the sweet thought of blameless pleasures past
Each day became more pleasing than the last.
But now, like some fond Mother who with dread
Beholds the Child her fostering cares have bred,
Heedless and gay, with young-ey'd Hope elate,
Disporting near the utmost verge of Fate ;
As down her cheeks big drops of anguish flow,
Thus, from my eyes, gush copious streams of woe,
Whene'er on thee I gaze, my native Land,
Whose Sons full-oft, impell'd by Folly's hand,
Plunge deep in Errour's tide :—and tho' thy crimes,
Compar'd with Salem's guilt in elder times,
Weigh but as gosamer, still, still repent !
O, mark the woes on Disobedience sent !
To Conscience, heavenly Monitress, attend,
And take Repentance as thy bosom-friend ;
The one instructs us from each bane to fly,
The other quickly fits us for the Sky.

But see !—In Fancy's tints, what scenes appear !
 What clouds portentous fill the troubled air !
 From Gallic shores, for deeds of blood accurst,
 The ruin-breathing tempest seems to burst.
 LIVORNO's sainted Guardian shrinks with dread ; *
 FIRENZE's Lily droops her blushing head ; †
 PARTHENOPE's sweet strains no longer flow ; ‡
 And ROME's imperial Eagles shriek with woe.
 While rest of Mariners, each effort fails
 By which AUSONIA § fain wou'd stem the gales
 That rend her feeble bark. Pale lightnings flash,
 And furious waves her shatter'd vessel dash
 'Gainst dire Destruction's rocks.—Appal'd she stands,
 Imploring quick relief from foreign Hands :
 Nor impotent her cries—for Britain's Train,
 All-conquering Lords of Ocean's vast domain,
 With eagle-swiftness to her aid resort,
 And steer her sinking vessel safe to Port.

The tints grow pale—the strong illusion flies—
 Yet still, alas, methinks yon western skies

* Saint JULIA.

† A red Lily is the arms of Florence.

‡ Naples was anciently called Parthenope,

§ The ancient name of Italy.

Frown on AUSONIA's shores. My native Clime,
 O, heed thy Poet, and repent in time !
 Earth's utmost force, opposed to Hell-born might,
 Full-oft is baffled in th' unequal fight :
 Turn then to GOD ; on HIS support rely ;
 Upborne by HIM, thou may'st this World defy :
 His power alone can vanquish SATAN's plan,
 And change each Gallic Monster back to Man. *

* It should be recollected that this Poem first wore it's English dress during the reign of the Terrourists.

THE GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

PEACE, throbbing heart ! restrain the rising sigh !
Hence, thou big tear-drop, trembling in my eye !
Can Christians doubt the goodness of that POWER
WHOSE arm protects them from their natal hour ?
Can they, to HIM and to themselves unjust,
Tempt HIS dread anger by unmeet distrust ?
Ah, no ! If GOD impel me to the fight,
Where Passions fierce display their Giant-might,
HE on my brow Salvation's helm will place,
My breast in Righteousness' strong armour case,
Teach me THE SPIRIT's flaming sword to wield,
And make invulnerable Faith my shield.
Then, Fear, farewell ! Let SATAN's Host draw nigh ;
Their craft I scorn, their deadliest rage defy !
Nay, if that POWER who bids the tempest reign,
And turns to mountains Ocean's liquid plain,
If HIS unerring hand my vessel guide,
Unterrified I'll brave the boisterous tide ;
Unterrified I'll meet the loudest storm,
And challenge Death in every dreadful form.

Yes, let the tempest roar, the whirlwind rise,
 And the fork'd lightning dim my shrinking eyes;
 Let dire Destruction ride the gathering wave;
 TH' ALMIGHTY, still, my shatter'd bark can save;
 Yes, at HIS word, the ruthless storm shall cease,
 And every raging billow sink to peace.

'Tis our's, then, not to murmur, but obey;
 And tho' with sharpest thorns we plant our way,
 Tho' Slander's venom'd breath our fame destroy,
 Tho' rank Disease empoison every joy;
 Nay, tho' that keenest of all pangs we prove,
 The loss of those whom more than Life we love,
 'Tis our's to kiss the hand which holds the rod,
 And own the Father in the chastening GOD.

How wretched he who slights that LOVE DIVINE
 Whose bright effects thro' all creation shine;
 And madly chasing meek-ey'd Hope away,
 To fierce Despair submits, a willing prey;
 Questions the grace to contrite Sinners given,
 And thus offends THE MAJESTY OF HEAVEN!

In that dread hour when Death's relentless dart
 Shall point, terrific, at the palsied heart ;
 (When human care and human skill are vain
 T' exempt the spirit, or the flesh, from pain,)
 In that dread hour, O, whither will he turn ?
 Where will his soul one cheering ray discern,
 To gild her passage thro' the dreary tomb
 To the dark confines of a Life to come ?

But can we 'gainst Conviction veil our eyes ?
 Can we contemplate ocean, earth, and skies,
 Nor view, in all, that POWER whose boundless sway
 Myriads of planetary Worlds obey ?
 Can we behold the blessings HE bestows,
 From the proud cedar to the modest rose,
 Nor instant feel our rebel-hearts subdu'd
 By the soft touch of humble Gratitude ?

Tho' short our ken, yet, e'en on Earth we find
 Sorrow oft proves a med'cine to the mind :
 And when the clouds which dim our mortal sight
 Shall yield to Immortality's clear light,
 Then shall we learn the cause of every woe
 Which canker'd our unstable joys Below ;

Then causes and effects alike will prove
 Blest emanations of a SAVIOUR's love.

But Man, neglectful Man, ne'er looks on High,
 To read the mystic wonders of the sky ;
 Or, if he read, too soon doth sceptic-leaven
 Taint all his budding confidence in Heaven.
 And tho' calm Reason speaks this World design'd
 To try, but not to recompence Maukind,
 Still he repines at every stroke severe
 Which fills the eye of Nature with a tear ;
 Unheedful that each tear, so shed, may shine
 A blazing diamond in a crown divine.

Insensate ! Suffer still, and still complain ;
 Essay all earthly balms, and prove them vain !
 Too late thou'lt learn his conflicts ne'er can cease
 Who wilful shuns the only path to peace :
 Too late thou'lt find thy every hope must fade,
 If plac'd on human, not celestial aid.

EVENING,
ON THE BANKS OF THE SEA.

SOL sinks embosom'd in the saffron main ;
Thro' Heaven's wide concave balmy breezes reign ;
Inviting weary Man from toil to cease,
And taste the rich rewards of rest and peace.

Slow let me press, in meditating mood,
The quiet margin of the briny flood ;
In whose clear mirror objects we desery
Which oft with dreams th' excursive soul supply.

Here, while the stars, by Heaven's appointment, keep
Kind watch o'er Mortals in the hour of sleep ;
Here, while the lucid waves supinely rest,
Reflecting bright those Mansions of the Blest,
Those Realms on which to ponder deep they seem,
No more I'll make this nether World my theme ;
This World, now fading fast from mortal sight
Beneath the jetty mantle of the night :
Here, while no stormy Passions dare obtrude,
Here, taught by Innocence and Solitude,

Of pious thoughts the never-failing spring,
 Here will I muse on Heaven's ETERNAL KING :
 Here with you firmament resplendent join
 To laud HIS mercy and HIS power divine,
 Which, thro' Creation's wondrous fabric shine. }

CANTATA I.

SCENE, AN UNFREQUENTED ISLAND—TIME,
DAY-BREAK.

SEQUESTER'D Isle ! of Peace the smiling cell,
Where Birds, and Flowers, and Zephyrs, only dwell ;
Enchanting spot ! rich in Seclusion's charms !
Here, far remov'd from Folly's wild alarms,
Compass'd with waves, unseen by human eye,
Methinks I range a Tenant of the Sky.
No more, by Passion's chains, bound down to Earth,
My towering soul asserts her heavenly birth ;
Views mercies numberless around her shine,
And soars to claim her heritage divine.

But see ! the sable shades of Night retire—
Th' horizon blushes deep with crimson fire—
AURORA rises from the sparkling floods,
And thus salutes the Tenants of the woods.

AURORA.

Birds, begin your dulcet lay !
Flowers, your various sweets disclose !
Zephyrs, see, 'tis dawn of day !
Banish, banish, dull Repose !

BIRDS.

Lovely Goddess of the Morn,
 Who, on dewy pinions borne,
 Com'st to chase Night's shadowy gloom,
 And these choral woods relume

With renovating light :

Again thou giv'st us to behold
 Fields of ether, ting'd with gold ;
 Boundless tracts, where sportive we,
 Bless'd with love and liberty,

May wing our joyous flight.

AURORA.

Wherefore, Flowers, your praise with-hold ?
 Haste ! Your fragrant leaves unfold !
 Haste to glorify that Power
 Who, after Midnight's torpid hour,
 Renovates your faded hues,
 And feeds you with ambrosial dews.

FLOWERS.

When thy torch, with dazzling light,
 Puts the modest stars to flight ;
 We, Lilies, V'lets, Eglantines,
 Daisies, Snowdrops, Jessamines,

Breathe to thee our thankful song ;
 The listening Hours the strain prolong,
 As, round the radiant car of Day,
 Swift they wend their sportive way.
 All our joys of thee are born,
 Bounteous Goddess of the Morn ;
 And to thee alone we raise
 Melody of grateful praise.

AURORA.

Mirthful Zephyrs, ye, who fly
 To wake the tardy Hours ;
 Rouse the feather'd Minstrelsy,
 And ope the fragrant Flowers :
 Ye, whom toil-worn Mortals seek,
 When sultry heats appal,
 Harken ! Hear AURORA speak,
 And answer to her call.

ZEPHYRS.

Breath of yonder slumbering Sea,
 And tender sighs from Heaven are we ;
 Sent, celestial Nymph, to shed
 Delicious odours round thy head.

CHORUS.

We, Zephyrs, Birds, and opening Flowers,
 Join our voices, strain our powers,
 To hail the swift-approaching Day,
 To pour the tributary lay.
 Hail, AURORA, bounteous Fair !
 Hold !—The pealing notes forbear !
 See ! while yet we sing, she flies,
 To spread her light o'er distant skies.

CANTATA II.

As thro' smiling vallies I stray,
 Remorse follows fast on my trace ;
 Every plant that enamels the way,
 But proves me unthankful and base.

The bounty of GOD I descry
 In each perfect production of Earth ;
 Yet nor these, nor yon day-star on High,
 In my bosom give thankfulness birth.

Pride whispers ; " Such gifts are thy due ;
 As a tribute receive them from Heaven :
 The talent of Poesy, too,
 Thy pleasures to heighten was given."

Insensate ! Let Shame dye my cheek ;
 Sweet Poesy's harp I'll resign,
 Or make the lov'd instrument speak
 In praise of it's DONOR DIVINE.

Hail, then, Nymph, with ardent eyes,
 Fix'd ever on thy native skies;
 Hail, seraphic Gratitude !

By thee inspir'd, I'll sweep the string,
 To Nature's great, all-bounteous KING,
 In strains of praise, sincere tho' rude :

And while I chant his mercies here Below,
 While yet encumber'd with this mortal clod,
 Shall my rapt soul the joy of Angels know,
 The bliss of holding converse with it's GOD.

HUMAN LIFE.

HOPE's cheering beams, Health's freshest flowers,
Ambition's sweets, and Pleasure's bowers,
Life's opening paths adorn ;
Enraptur'd with the luring maze,
The youthful Pilgrim fearless strays,
Nor heeds each lurking thorn.

With forests drear, with rivers vast,
With mountains never to be past,
Heaven's narrow road seems barr'd ;
But if, by Constancy impell'd,
Along this road our course be held,
How bright is our reward !

As sable shadows fade away
Before the glorious orb of day,
E'en so, before our sight,
Each Doubt, each Fear, each Danger flies,
Till aiding Angels bless our eyes
With Realms of endless light.

No Mind, how weak soe'er it be,
 Arm'd by resistless Constancy,
 Shall fail those Realms to gain ;
 But when, by dazzling meteors led,
 In Pleasure's treacherous paths we tread,
 Each step's progressive pain.

The rose, so lovely in the morn,
 At even only bears a thorn
 To lacerate our hearts ;
 Ambition's dreams soon cease to please;
 Health yields his sceptre to Disease,
 And Hope herself departs.

FROM

ANACREON.

As this PARAPHRASE was written many years since, in Italy, the Author had not the pleasure of reading, 'till after her return to England, MOORE's masterly translation of the thirty-third Ode of ANACREON; on reading this translation, however, she would have suppressed the following Poem, had not MAGGOT's love of moralizing induced him to deviate from ANACREON at the close of the Ode.

NIGHT her sable pall hath spread
O'er each weary Mortal's head;
MORPHEUS, Friend of Human-Kind,
Bathes, in Lethe's stream, the mind;
Whilst I alone condemn'd to weep,
Vainly court balsamic sleep.

Hark! what sounds assail my ear?
Hark! a suppliant voice I hear!
"Ope, (it cries) ah, ope thy door!
Friendly shelter I implore.
Yield relief! I sink, I die,
Drown'd by torrents from the sky!"

Swift I grant the Stranger's prayer ;
 And, tho' darkness fill the air,
 By the splendours of his face,
 CUPID'S witching form I trace.
 Pleas'd I fan my fading fire ;
 Quick I dry his wet attire ;
 And, by warmth and generous wine,
 Renovate my Guest divine.
 When, grasping his redoubted bow ;
 " Fain (exclaims the Boy) I'd know
 If this string have lost it's power,
 From the late tremendous shower."
 Th' elastic bow he instant tries—
 Strong the whirring arrow flies ;
 Aim'd, alas,—ungrateful part !—
 Aim'd at my defenceless heart !
 Thus, by those whom most we aid,
 Thus are benefits repaid !

SONNET I.

TO

T H E S O U L.

IMMORTAL Soul ! blest offspring of the Sky !

Bestow'd t' exalt to Heaven the Sons of Earth ;

Why sleep, when envious Passions ambush'd lie,

To rob thee of thy precious rights of birth ?

Awake, and know thyself ! thy firmness prove ;

Essay to put this wily Train to flight :

Awake, and see with what impatient love

GOD fain would bear thee back to Realms of light !

For tho' with Victory's deathless chaplet grac'd,

Tho' dimpled Peace, best earthly good, were thine,

Felicity's pure cup thou could'st not taste,

But in the bosom of thy Home divine.

Then, rouse thee—Slumber not mid circling Foes—

In Heaven alone thou safely may'st repose.

SONNET II.

TO

*A DARLING FRIEND.**

Ere Man Life's transitory breath receiv'd,
 Or GOD from chaos bade creation rise,
 Unclothed by a corporeal garb we liv'd,
 Associates fond and faithful, in the Skies.
 Now, doom'd to wander thro' this World, (the seat
 Of ills which from Man's disobedience flow,)
 Again, by Sympathy impell'd, we meet,
 With Friendship's shield to blunt the shafts of Woe,
 And, like lorn Exiles, forc'd for years to roam,
 Companions in Life's toilsome paths we'll stray ;
 While hope at length to view our native Home
 Shall renovate our strength, and smooth our way,
 To Realms (beyond the terroure-breathing tomb,)
 Where first our love took root, where, deathless may
 it bloom.

* This Sonnet was addressed, by MAGGI, to L. A. MURATORI;

SONNET III.

TO

S O R R E N T O.

DEAR, classic soil, whence fame-crown'd Tasso sprang,
 Well-nam'd Syrentum ! * with such charms endu'd
 That, when I seek thy shades, where erst he sang,
 No thoughts to prompt the deep-drawn sigh obtrude.
 Or, if Remembrance picture sorrows fled,
 No more I view them with Affliction's eye,
 As scorpions on the lap of Nature spread,
 But as benignant warnings from on High.
 Here, Life's illusions shall no more betray,
 Nor Passion's gales too strong for Reason prove ;
 But white-rob'd Innocence direct my way
 To the dread confines of the Courts above ;
 Whose Porter, Death, at sight of such a Guide,
 Shall, smiling, ope the gate, and throw his shafts aside.

* Sorrento, anciently called Syrentum, from it's enchanting situation, is the coolest and most healthy summer-abode in the southern part of Italy ; and famous for containing the paternal mansion of the immortal Tasso.

SONNET IV.

TO

*THE CICALA**

FavOUR'D Cicala! † thou, whose transient days
 Th' ambrosial tears of balmy Morn sustain ;
 Contented on thy native woods to gaze,
 No thoughts aspiring fill thy breast with pain.

As CERES' Herald, comes thy artless song,
 With welcome sounds the Peasant's ear to greet ;
 And when thou ro'v'st the yellow vales among,
 No Sportsmen rude dare rifle thy retreat.

Thou scorn'st POMONA's treasures to destroy ;
 To prey on others' wealth ne'er gave thee joy,
 Vocal, abstemious, unoffending Fly !

Blissful thou liv'st, while summer-suns appear ;
 Peaceful thou di'st, ere wintry storms be near ;
 A death so tranquil scarcely is to die.

* MAGGI appears, in this Sonnet, to have imitated the thirty-fourth ODE of ANACREON.

† The Cicala, which somewhat resembles our English Chafer, is said to live only during the hottest months of summer, and to feed entirely upon air : it sits on a tree, singing all day, in fine weather ; and with a voice so loud, as to astonish every Person who sees the diminutive size of this insect.

SONNET V.

WRITTEN

I N Y O U T H.

WHERE are the fancied joys which erst could shew
 On this young head ineffable delight ?

Where are the fancied woes whose freezing power
 The opening bloom of Happiness could blight ?

Where are those hopes which led me to desire
 Love's rosy chain, or Glory's proud array ?

Awhile they flam'd, a fierce and dangerous fire,
 Then, like the transient whirlwind, died away.

Strong-pinion'd Fancy, hence ! delude no more !

My brightest hopes were nought but fragile glass ;
 No longer their destruction I'll deplore,

But, of the scatter'd fragments, form a mass,
 Which, in the furnace of Experience join'd,
 Shall prove, henceforth, a mirror for my mind.

SONNET VI.

WRITTEN

I N O L D A G E.

SLOW beats my pulse ; and Passion's fervid ray,
 Cool'd with satiety, fades hour by hour ;
 Sure sign that Life hastes swiftly to decay ;
 For waning suns each moment lose their power.

Then, Memory, hail ! th' important task be thine,
 Ere down Life's rapid tide I sail no more,
 T' examine well what precious jewels shine
 Amid the freight my vessel wafts to shore.

Ah, no ! Mute Warner, hence ! For, taught by thee,
 Tho' long I've toil'd, of cruel storms the sport,
 Gemless, alas, my lading seems to be ;
 Worthless the vessel I conduct to Port.
 Hold, hold ! rash Muse—for still my cables bear
 Hope's heavenly anchor, gem beyond compare !

SONNET VII.

TO

AN UNFORTUNATE FRIEND,

PARTICULARLY FOND OF THEATRICALS.

WHY, luckless Friend, why boasts the scenic tale
 A charm which tunes thy mind to Pleasure's tone ?
 Joy'st thou to hear the buskin'd Hero wail
 Worth unrequited, fate too like thy own ?
 Or doth THALIA, laughter-loving Maid,
 Chace from thy sight the grisly Spectre, Care,
 When, by her magic Crook's transforming aid,
 She shews Life's thorny vale as Eden fair ?
 Then view, in Fiction's varying vestments gay,
 A World whose fallacies fall-oft inthral ;
 But, as the Hearers soon forget the play,
 Learn thou to feel, ere Life's great curtain fall,
 Alike indifferent to the joy or woe
 Of those who fill our shifting scenes Below.

SONNET VIII,

THE

T R A V E L L E R.

THE letter'd Sage, who unknown realms explores,

Each wondrous tale in Nature's book to read ;

No soper sees again his native shores

Than anxious Relatives to greet him speed :

They ask, what roads least rugged he hath found ?

What climes most soft, and lovely to the view ?

What favour'd spots in comfort most abound ?

What course he'd counsel others to pursue ?

“ The mountain-path, to Man's aspiring mind,

Gayest and goodliest seems ; (the Sage replies :)

The lowly vale less slippery oft we find ;

Yet there, full-many a bog in ambush lies,

Shun each extreme, would ye securely tread ;

The middle-course I took, by Wisdom led.”

SONNET IX.

AGAINST

D E S P A I R.

AH, why, my soul, why yield to dire Despair,
 Tho' Conscience sting thee with severest blame ?
 GOD claims our love ; to slight his claims beware !
 For are not love and confidence the same ?
 Think of those guerdons, rich in grace divine,
 Which thou, a Mite in Being's wondrous scale,
 May'st still aspire to share, if Faith be thine,
 And teach thee o'er bad Angels to prevail.
 Then with the heart's sweet incense, Gratitude,
 Accept each grace to contrite Sinners given ;
 Nor be with Misery's bitter drops imbu'd
 The manna shower'd, by Mercy's hand, from Heaven.
 Weep for thy errors ; give Repentance scope ;
 But let the scalding tear engender Hope.

SONNET X.

TO

H O P E.

BENIGNANT Hope, best blessing from Above !
 Friend to the Wretch who owns no Friend beside ; *
 Parent of Comfort, gentle Nurse of Love,
 On Earth our treasure, and to Heaven our Guide !

Thou who, when Conscience dooms my guilt-stain'd soul
 To the dark cavern of the Fiend, Despair,
 Can'st all my anguish, all my fears controul,
 And bid me trust a SAVIOUR's grace to share :

Thro' feverish Life protect me, Guardian-Power !
 Nor trembling flee in that portentous hour

When Death's inverted torch shall meet my sight ;
 But bear thy Suppliant to the Realms of Day ;
 Nor quit me, till thy semblance fade away
 Mid awful Certainty's unwavering light !

* There is a line somewhat similar to this, in Miss BOWDLER's beautiful ODE TO HOPE. Many Writers, however, are unintentional Plagiarists ; as was, in the present instance, the Author of this PARAPHRASE.

SONNET XI,

TO

F A I T H.

*This Sonnet and those which follow are not embellished with any
of MAGGI's ideas.*

HER flaunting banner self-plum'd Pride unfurls ;

Swift from her palace pour a Giant-Train ;

Doubt, double-headed, leads the van, and hurls

His darts destructive at Religion's fane.

On Truth's firm rock this glorious fabric stands,

By Reason rais'd ; yet Reason's efforts fail

To guard it 'gainst the sacrilegious Bands

Who, goaded on by Pride, it's walls assail,

See, from the fane, a martial Maid advance !

Her adamant shield a Cross displays ;

Her helm a soaring dove ; her beamy lance

Discomfits Doubt, and his Associates slays.

'Tis Faith !—Lo, Angels to her charge have given

Those keys which ope to Man the Courts of Heaven !

SONNET XII.

TO

C H A R I T Y.

How weak, how wan, that lovely Maid appears,
 Who shuns the garish day ! With look benign,
 From Earth's cold lap a famish'd Wretch she rears,
 And weeping cries ; " Thy want surpasses mine !
 Take my last crust—In worldly wealth I'm poor ;
 Not so in pity—Eat—Thy pangs I feel"—
 She faints—Who Famine's tortures can endure ?
 She dies—to save another dies—O, zeal
 Transcendent, godlike !—Hah ! Behold ! Her head
 Shoots forth bright flames—Those eagle-pinions see,
 Which o'er her ruby-mantle graceful spread !
 To second life she wakes—'Tis Charity !
 From Earth she vaults on High—Heaven's portals ope—
 Lo, there she rests enthron'd, 'twixt Faith and Hope !

SONNET XIII.

TO

TEMPERANCE.

MARK that athletic Nymph, who sternly throws
 A rein o'er mischief-loving CUPID's head!
 Vainly the Boy her purpose would oppose;
 Behold him, like a steed, in trammels led!
 See, now she breaks in twain the nectar'd bowl,
 And bids her Hand-maid, Health, a draught provide
 From the pure rill—and now, with mild controul,
 Draws all her Sister-Virtues to her side.
 Lo! at her feet his riches MAMMON spreads—
 With sparing hand she takes; then, instant flies;
 And reckless, on ALCINA's roses treads—*
 'Tis Temperance:—caressing Health, she cries;
 "My Child, my Joy! insensate must they be
 Who ought prefer, on this side Heaven, to thee!"

* ALCINA is the name given, by ARIOSTO, to sensual Pleasure,
 see *Orlando Furioso*; Books VI, and X.

SONNET XIV.

TO

G R I E F :

WRITTEN IN THE *Campo-Santo*, OR ANCIENT BURIAL-
GROUND, AT PISA.*

STRUCTURE unmatched! which braves the lapse of time ;

Fit cradle the reviving Arts to rear !

Light as the Paper-Nautilus appear

Thy arches, of PISANO's works the prime.

Fam'd *Campo-Santo*! where the mighty Dead,

Of elder days, in Parian marble sleep,

Say, who is she that ever seems to keep

Watch o'er thy precincts, save when mortal tread

Invades the solemn stillness of the scene ?

Then, struggling to suppress the heavy sigh,

And brushing the big tear-drop from her eye,

She veils her face, and glides yon tombs between.

'Tis Grief!—by that thick veil the Maid I knew,

Which hides her from th' unwelcome gaze of Men.

* Arch-Bishop UBALDO LANFRANCHI, who was contemporary with RICHARD Cœur de lion, and his Brother-Warrior in the Holy Land, brought to Pisa a large quantity of earth, from Mount Calvary, and deposited it on the spot round which the walls of the *Campo-Santo* are now erected : he is, therefore, supposed to have given the first idea of this building, in 1200 : and, eighteen years after, the present beautiful edifice was commenced, under the direction of GIOVANNI, PISANO ; who finished it in 1283.

SONNET XV.

TO

APATHY.

NYMPH, on whose breast the gem'd Ficoides* beams,
 By thy Torpedo-touch, my cares subdue !
 For, where thou com'st, fade Fancy's troublous dreams,
 And real sorrows lose their sable hue.
 Preservative 'gainst wounded Friendship's tear,
 And the loud storms of ill-requited Love ;
 Sure antidote to every pang severe
 The way-worn Pilgrim, Man, is doom'd to prove ;
 Whose purest feelings, tho' awhile they take
 Sweet Pleasure's form, or shine in Virtue's dress ;
 A Captive of deluded Reason make,
 And cheat her with the name of Happiness.
 Then, welcome, Apathy !—he finds not rest
 Who fails to own thee Sovereign of his breast.

* The Ice-plant, properly called, the Diamond-Ficoides:

SONNET XVI.

TO

S Y M P A T H Y.

ENCHANTRESS, whom Mimosa-wreathis adorn,
 And mantle of Cameleon's changeful hues ;
 Sweet Sympathy, forsake thy bed of thorn,
 And all thy magic thro' my veins diffuse !
 Give me thy bliss—Hold !—Is it bliss to feel,
 At thy command, alternate joy or woe—
 One moment stab'd by Sorrow's keenest steel,
 Another, blest with Rapture's brightest glow ?—
 To be with Friendship's holy flame inspir'd,
 (Foretaste, perhaps, of Heaven's supreme delight ;)
 Tho' oft the heart our fancy hath attir'd
 In Virtue's robes, with wrongs that flame requite ?
 Yes—for where'er thy wand exerts it's powers
 The Anacampseros* shoots up and flowers.

* The Anacampseros is a magic herb, said to possess the power of restoring lost Friendship ; and to live, though plucked up by the roots.

See PLINY — *Book XXIV, Chapter 17.*

SONNET XVII.

TO

FRIENDSHIP.

THRON'D on huge rocks, behind whose hoary heads

Yon day-star hastens swift, a Nymph I view ;

At Misery's groan, Compassion's tear she sheds,

And scatters heartsease thick as morning dew.

A bellowing Bull draws nigh ; she grasps his horn ;

In vain the Savage struggles to get free,

And trample on her Dog, already torn—

Heroic Fair ! say, art thou Constancy ?

Housed in her bosom lies a timid Dove—

'Tis VENUS' self !—I know her by that sign—

Hold !—Does the witching form of beauteous Love

Grow, as she grows, upon the sun's decline ?

No—Friendship only, as Life's sun descends,

Like evening shadows, strengthens and extends.

SONNET XVIII.

TO

F A M E.

AIR-BORNE, behold, a beautiful Nymph appears,

Whose brows about the Amaranthus twines !

Her strong right-hand an ample mirror rears ;

Bright, in the left, a gorgeous chaplet shines.

She speaks—and quick engender'd by the sound

Laurel, and bays, and ilex, deck the plains—

'Tis Fame !—And lo, a thousand echoes round

Repeat, “from Indus to the Poles,” her strains !

Refulgent Phantom, at thy feet I kneel—

O, let that dazzling diadem be mine !

My history in thy mirror clear reveal,

And Life itself I'll offer at thy shrine !

Unfruitful prayer !—Caprice, with tyrant-sway,

Hath chas'd the visionary Form away.







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